

[Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.]
META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Deitch Frank.

CHAPTER XVII.

The little white marble and gold clock on the shelf struck eight while Arthur Braden was talking to his host. A servant entered and announced the arrival of Dr. Gray and wife. Lina took no notice of what he said, but sat down in an easy chair by the grate.

"Lina, did you not hear the announcement Jack just made?" Mr. Woodruff asked.

"Yes, but they do not care to see me, as Dr. Gray and his wife have no particular love for Lina Mason. Have them shown up here by all means, as I dare say Mrs. Gray is anxious to see her uncle; if not she would have waited until to-morrow to call," Lina said coldly.

"Show them up, Jack. I shall be very glad to see Gertrude once more. Do not go, Arthur. I want you to be a good friend of Gertrude's, for if you and Meta are ever married—"

"What do you mean, Olive Woodruff?" interrupted Lina.

"That he loves my daughter, and has asked my consent to his marrying her, if she is willing."

"Is this true, Arthur Braden?" You do not answer me. I know it is true. But you dare not marry her, you belong to another."

"You do not speak the truth, Lina. I was once engaged, but the lady married another and I was released. I am now a free man, and if Meta Woodruff will have me, I will make her my wife," replied Arthur.

"Yet you commit to remain single, and if she were ever to marry her."

"I should have kept my promise in regard to marriage, even though I did love another. I should have tried to make her happy, for the long weary years she spent in waiting for me to marry her. But her husband may outlive either of us. My conscience bothers me, and I feel as if I had committed some great crime in waiting for her husband to die."

"How often have you told her of your great undying love for her? Do you call this base deception being honorable?"

"I did love her, but she made me almost hate her by her wicked actions."

"Who is this woman, Lina? Can't he, your my wife, who has deceived me?"

"Have I ever given you cause to doubt or mistrust me, Olive?"

"No, yet something tells me that all is not right here."

"How unjust you are. I had not thought you capable of such things."

"Lina, are you willing to swear to me that you are not the woman of whom Arthur and myself have been speaking?"

"Yes, I swear it," this wicked woman answered in a voice without the least emotion. She had no other choice than to tell a falsehood; it was necessary to save her from ruin. But her answer did not satisfy her husband.

"Arthur, are you also willing to swear to this?"

"What was he to say? He could not tell a direct falsehood. He knew that to confess his own and Lina's guilt would cause Olive Woodruff to turn away from his wife forever; would cause him to curse them both. He glanced toward Lina and saw her eyes fixed upon him with a wild expression and understood their meaning.

"Mr. Woodruff, the woman I make my wife I will trust until her infidelity is proven," he answered, trying to give a satisfactory answer, yet evading the direct one to Mr. Woodruff's question.

"You are right, Arthur, and you make me feel ashamed of myself for having doubted my wife's integrity for one moment. Forgive me, Lina, if you can."

"I do forgive you; but can not forget so soon."

"Perhaps, dear reader, you may think that a woman as wicked as Lina Woodruff never existed. Nevertheless it is true. Sometimes I wonder why God allows them to remain here in this beautiful world; why He does not strike them down in their paths of wickedness. But He knows what is best."

Lina felt relieved when the door opened and Gertrude and her husband entered. She was the same tall, queenly Gertrude of old. A few months passing by rapidly had made no change in her. With her head bowed, she by her uncle's side, her arm around his neck, and showering kisses upon him.

"Oh, uncle! I can not tell you half how glad I am to see you. Poor fellow, I heard of your illness, and was so sorry for you."

"Have you seen Meta lately?" he asked anxiously.

"Not since I left home, uncle. Oh, here is our mutual friend, Mr. Braden, and Madam Reek too. Oh, Madam, I am so glad to see you. It seems as though years had passed since of a few short months since we parted."

"Indeed, I am most happy at meeting you again, and you too, Dr. Gray." Madam Reek said, kissing Gertrude and extending her small, white hand to Dr. Gray. This gentleman had grown younger, instead of older in appearance; at least we thought so when we saw his happy, smiling face as his eyes followed every movement of his wife.

"Mrs. Gray, you are looking remarkably well," said Lina, as she extended the tips of her fingers to Gertrude.

In her heart Lina Woodruff liked Gertrude, but would not have let her know it or even given her cause to think so. For was she not Meta's cousin and dearest friend? Gertrude had no love for her uncle's wife, neither had she any particular dislike for her. She understood that her with all the respect due Mr. Woodruff's wife.

"You say you have not heard from Meta lately?" asked Mr. Woodruff.

"Not for a fortnight, at least, and then not direct from the lady herself," Gertrude said, glancing across at Madam Reek, who sat opposite her.

"Do you also know where she is? Madam Reek has been kind enough to inform me of her knowledge of my daughter's whereabouts, but dare not reveal her hiding place."

"I do know, uncle, but like your good nurse, have given no solemn promise to keep her secret. I am sorry that you are obliged to live apart, as you were always so devoted to each other."

"Believe me, child, it has caused me many hours of unhappiness, and if I could, I would bring her home at once."

"I understand you, uncle, and wish it were in my power to make you all love each other."

"And I understand your insinuations, Mrs. Gray. I acknowledge that Meta and I do not agree, but that can be no business of yours," Lina interrupted haughtily.

"Nor was I trying to make it my business. If you will control your temper for a few moments and carry your mind back to the time when I visited Woodruff Hall last summer you may remember that in no way did I try to interfere with you, although in the double role you were playing. I saw not only the object you were trying to gain, but that to Meta Woodruff and her friends you would do all the injury you could," replied Gertrude excitedly.

"Olive Woodruff, your niece has insulted me in my own home. She must never enter Woodruff Hall again while I am its mistress."

"Lina, for the love of heaven what do you mean, and you, too, Gertrude?"

"Forgive me, uncle, I said more than I meant. I will go now before your wife turns me out. You must come to see me often, uncle, after you are well, as heretofore I am an exile from Woodruff Hall. Madam Reek, you must also come. I am anxious to tell you about my pleasant Southern tour."

"You are, indeed, very kind. I will come to-morrow, as I expect to leave Woodruff Hall the day after," said the nurse in her sweet, gentle voice.

After saying good-night, Gertrude and her husband left the hall. Dr. Gray felt the insult thrust upon his wife more deeply than she did herself, for the knew how wicked Lina was.

"I could scarcely endure to hear my wife spoken to so disrespectfully. And by one so wicked as Lina Woodruff," he said, when they were once more in their carriage alone.

"Never mind, dear, she did not injure me in the least; I am only sorry I stepped so low as to answer her. How sorry I am for Uncle Olive. Do you think he has found out her true character?"

"I think not, in fact I hope not. If he has he will never be happy again."

"I was greatly surprised at finding Madam Reek looking so pale and thin. I fear, if she insists upon leading this kind of life much longer, she will ruin her health," she said, anxiously.

Dr. Gray owned his home, a cozy cottage in Gothic style. He had had it newly furnished throughout before he was married, so that it would be in readiness to receive his fair bride. Flo had arrived a few days before, and as our happy couple reached their home, they opened the door and welcomed them both. Dr. Gray placed his arms around his wife and kissed her for the first time in their own home. How happy they were, even though he was a great many years older than she.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

On the Way to President Arthur at the White House.

In the Senate—Preparations for the Inauguration—Changes—Other Notes.

PULLMAN PALACE CAR. "THE."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16.—Here I am flying along as fast as steam can carry me. We have just left the pretty village of Grandfield. Arrived our fellow-travelers are two aged gentlemen, and judging by their conversation, staunch Democrats. One remarked to his companion: "I went to the inauguration of Governor Gray. I wanted to again smell the fragrance of the new-blown flower of Democracy. I will take one more trip—that will be to see Hendricks made Vice President of the United States, then my traveling is over, and the only thing that I regret is that Hendricks is not to be President. He has been one of the most abused men and has deserved it the least. But Indiana stood by him. God bless her, and she will in the future."

We are visited to-day by the 15th, with a big rain storm, and the streets almost deserted. The death of Schuyler Colfax startled the community, and the Senate yesterday adjourned out of respect to his memory.

I saw President Arthur at the theater last evening. He was accompanied by Mrs. McEury, Miss Frelinghuysen, and his private secretary, Phillips. The Senators and Representatives of all the States were present with their families. The special train-out to witness the new play, "The American Consul," by Howard Carroll, which was a success. It was witnessed by one of the most select audiences from a social, official and political point of view.

One of the events of last evening was a meeting of the Monumental Democratic Club. Speeches were made by some of the leading lights of Tammany Society, New York, and the club presented with two magnificent banners by the Monumental Club, of Philadelphia, Pa. Washington is making arrangements to properly receive the strong delegation that is to be sent from the "Cleveland and Hendricks War Veterans of Brooklyn, N. Y."

After the inauguration the veterans will visit some of the battle grounds on which they fought. At the inauguration headquarters yesterday \$2,370 was received in cash, \$350 being given by the "Washington and Georgetown Railroad Company." Subscriptions of \$250 each from the following New York firms: E. K. Williams & Co., D. P. Morgan, Davis & Johnson, Leavitt & Davis, and Van Emburgh and Atterbury. Every day from all quarters subscriptions are pouring in. In fact, the coming inauguration is the topic.

I have been asked with a hundred questions when I had been understood that I had but lately arrived from Indianapolis. "How does Hendricks look? How does he live?" He's pretty strong man among the Hoosiers, isn't he? and a hundred inquiries of the "Herald" and "Star" were sent him. His answer was made Blaine withdrew. Yes, there is a decided wish to see the next Vice President. A judgment was rendered against Mrs. Belva Lockwood yesterday in the Circuit Court for \$200. She was defendant in that case, and the judgment which came into her possession as a trustee of an estate. It is claimed that Mrs. Lockwood collected rents on plaintiff's property to pay an indebtedness, which she never had paid. This evening at 6 o'clock there is to be a large Democratic House caucus. The call came from Hon. John G. Carlisle and thirty-four other Democratic members of Congress. Hon. S. C. Cox, chairman.

The city is full of visitors, and the hotel-keepers have it all their own way. The rain is nearly over and the sun is coming out. From my window I can see the dome of the Capitol and my memory recalls the scenes I have witnessed in the city of the future. Five years ago when Roscoe Conkling was the Hon. and Blaine the center of all the night sessions, angry debates. Where are they, those mighty ones? Grant is a poor old man, the bill for his retirement as a soldier, and the bill for his retirement as a statesman, are now before the Senate. "Quite chop fallen," and Conkling, well, time can only tell. We have all heard of the Phoenix. There's here in the ashes yet, though seemingly dead.

From this Paris of the New World, for such is Washington, I send the kindest greeting to Indiana, and she may be sure that her favored son, our coming Vice President, will meet with a warm reception on the 4th of March. ANNIE COOPERHALL.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

(Chicago Herald.)

"Talking about awful experiences," remarked the tramp, "bet you never heard tell on a worse time than mean Bent-Nosed Jack had last winter. 'Twas the talk of the road all summer, boss, an' me an' Jack was noted characters, we was."

"What was this experience?"

"Well, yer see, me an' Jack was pikin' around de railroad yards in Chicago one day last winter, lookin' for busted cracker-boxes or any other lay-out, when we got locked in a car. There was no outside air, an' we were made the best of it. The weather was awful cold, an' we was in that car when it got to San Francisco—three whole weeks on de road."

"Incredible. You would have starved or frozen to death. If you're telling the truth, you must have been in mere skeletons when you were liberated."

"Starve! Freeze! Skeletons! Say, boss, you baint very flip, is yer? You don't ketch on. In that car was a hull lot of 'Armour's' packed meat, a ton or two of crackers and tins in boxes, a shipment of cigars, a dozen case of champagne, nice lot of 'McBrier' whiskey, candy boxes, nuts, raisins, some Milwaukee bottled, a hull lot of overcoats and merchandise generally. But the worst thing was some of the unwholesome stores. We hadn't any oil, but there was a barrel of alcohol there, and that did all the same. We had a couple deck, too, an' played seven-up for champagne by de bottle. An' cigars by de box. Skeleton, boss! The only skeleton we had on that trip was de stiff in de car when we got to Frisco. We was a week pikin' out that car, and you can bet it took time work to get hid in it without bein' seen. But it was de greatest lay ever known in de perfesh, an' me an' Bent-Nosed Jack made our reps. on it, we did."

ENSILAGE WITHOUT SILES.

The plan of compressing green fodder in stacks above ground, instead of in silos, long practiced to some extent by Dutch farmers, has been tried in England during the past season. A Hampshire farmer reports a successful experiment of the kind. He carried some grass as soon as it was cut, stacked it in the ordinary way, and weighted it every

evening with about two tons of railway iron, of greater length than the width of the stack, which was nine yards long and five yards wide. By this means a large quantity of grass was compressed into a small space. When the stack was finished the loose grass from the sides was pulled out and put on the top, which was not trampled. The result was about fifty tons of very good fodder, suitable to silage. There is some waste at the sides and on the top, but no more, it is said, than is commonly found in silos. Another experiment of the same elaborate system, of mechanical pressure, which appears quite an unnecessary expense. The explanation of the preservation of the fodder is that it became so solid that the air could not penetrate more than about nine inches at the sides of the stack, and not much more at the top. It will be advisable for all who try the plan to fix the stack at a distance from any heretack or any building, as a little hitch in the arrangements might easily lead to the heating, and ultimate firing of the fodder.

Excellent pies are made of canned currants. Take one cupful of them, half a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, beaten with the yelks of two eggs. Bake with an undercrust, then frost the top with the whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Bake to brown the sifted dough with the yelks, then there is no danger of little lumps of undissolved flour spoiling the good looks of the pie.

That Ties It Up.

We could use all sorts of extravagant words about the effects of Parkers Hair Balsam. But the simple truth is enough. It is the best hair dressing. Cures falling hair, dandruff, dryness, restores original color, is a delicious dressing, and perfectly pure and clean. It will satisfy you. The only standard 50 cent dressing.

An entree of small new carrots is made by first making some rich, well-seasoned stock, then boil the carrots until tender in salted water. When done slice them thin and drop them into a sauce-pan containing the stock. Let them just come to a boil, then serve.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the efficacy of a medicine is the steady popularity it maintains among the people who have once tried it. Oliver & Co., druggists, Woodbine, Iowa, write: "We could not get along without Miller's Herb Bitters, for many of our customers think it is about the only medicine they need." For dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, and every form of nervous disorders, it has never been equaled.

Early chicks should be hatched this month, as the smaller sizes are usually in demand when they first reach the market.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered for years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. E. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

New Indiana Law Books.

THE JUSTICE'S GUIDE. By Thomas M. Clarke. A new and practical treatise for Justices of the Peace, stating their duties and showing them how to execute them with all the acts relating to the Justice and Constable. About 500 pages, bound in law style, only \$3.00.

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Law of Sheriff—A Complete Manual for Sheriffs, \$1.00.

Circulars for either the above books furnished on application. Address

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MR. J. C. WILLIAMS & CO.,
Spartan, N. Y.

Sold by Druggists,
Price, 25c. per box.

OFFICIAL COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

ORIENT INSURANCE COMPANY,

On the 31st day of December, 1884.

Located at No. 63 Trumbull Street, Corner of Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

The Amount of its Capital is \$1,000,000 00
The Amount of its Capital paid up is 1,000,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand and in banks	\$37,221 25
Railroad Stocks	125,000 00
United States Bonds	45,000 00
Cash on hand and in banks	32,835 35
Cash in hands of agents	9,423 67
Real Estate owned by the Company, unimproved	271,127 27
Interest accrued	18,981 07
Loans on Mortgages, first lien	232,924 67
Loans secured by pledges of Stocks and Bonds	87,210 00
Total Assets	\$1,074,413 12

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and not due	\$65,492 93
Losses in suspense, waiting for further proof	12,774 43
All other claims against the Company	51,108 56
Amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks	400,935 32
Total Liabilities	\$570,311 24

The greatest amount in any one risk \$10,000 00
The greatest amount allowed by the rules of the Company to be insured in any one city, town or village \$10,000 00
The greatest amount allowed to be insured in any one block \$10,000 00

STATE OF INDIANA, OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF STATE.
I, the undersigned, Auditor of State of the State of Indiana, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement of the condition of the above mentioned Company, on the 31st day of December, 1884, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal, this 17th day of January, 1885. JAMES H. RICE, Auditor of State.

OFFICIAL COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company,

On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at Hartford, Conn.

The Amount of its Capital is \$1,000,000 00
The Amount of its Capital paid up is 1,000,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand, and in the hands of Agents or other persons	\$100,892 55
Real estate unimproved	57,000 00
Bonds and stocks owned by the Company, as follows, market value:	146,400 00
United States Bonds	100,000 00
State and City Bonds	46,400 00
Railroad Stocks and bonds	283,817 50
Total Assets	\$1,104,500 00

Loans on bond and mortgage, being first lien on unimproved real estate, worth double the amount loaned \$25,000 00
Debits otherwise secured, collateral loans \$2,750 00
Total Assets \$1,156,250 00

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and not due	\$ 9,815 45
Losses unadjusted	77,025 55
Losses in suspense, waiting for further proof	9,777 73
Amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks	829,593 80
Total Liabilities	\$926,212 53

The greatest amount in any one risk \$10,000 00
The greatest amount allowed by the rules of the Company to be insured in any one city, town or village depends upon character of risk and size of town \$10,000 00
The greatest amount allowed to be insured in any one block \$10,000 00

STATE OF INDIANA, OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF STATE.
I, the undersigned, Auditor of State of the State of Indiana, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement of the condition of the above mentioned Company, on the 31st day of December, 1884, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal, this 17th day of January, 1885. JAMES H. RICE, Auditor of State.

OFFICIAL COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Milwaukee Mechanics' Mutual Insurance Co.,

On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at Nos. 442 and 444 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Amount of its Capital is \$200,000 00
The Amount of its Capital paid up is 200,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand and in banks	75,214 01
Real estate unimproved	41,924 00
Bonds owned by the Company bearing interest at the rate of — per cent, secured as follows, market value:	225,000 00
St. Paul, Minn. Water bonds, 5 per cent.	101,785 01
United States (registered) 4 1/2 per cent. bonds	42,250 00
Brown County, Wisconsin, bonds, 6 per cent.	42,800 00
Winnebago City, Wisconsin, bonds, 5 per cent.	28,193 00
Door County, Wisconsin, bonds, 6 per cent.	20,400 00
Loans on Bonds and Mortgages of real estate, worth double the amount for which the same are mortgaged, and free from any prior incumbrance	418,200 00
Debits otherwise secured	159,040 79
Debits for premiums	28,121 35
Interest Accrued	24,154 29
Total Assets	\$1,307,614 00

Losses adjusted and not due \$ 2,375 21
Losses unadjusted 11,019 00
Losses in suspense, waiting for further proof 10,874 00
All other claims against the Company 3,941 91
Amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks 887,805 88
Total Liabilities \$1,035,075 90